

THE  
CHERRIE  
AND THE  
SLAE.

Compyled into *MEETER*,

By Captain

*ALEX. MONTGOMERY.*

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north-side of the Cross, *An. Dom* 1675.



A 2

A

# Sweet Sonne

TO THE  
*Blessed Trinity.*

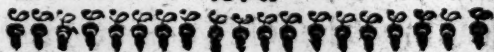
By C. A. M.

**S**Upreame Essence, Beginnner, unbeg  
Ay trinal One, and undevided th  
Eternally word that victory hath won  
O're death, o're hel, triumphing on  
tree.

Fore-knowledge, Wisdom, and All-  
ing Eye.

**JEHOVAH**, Alpha and Omega,  
Like unto none, & none like unto t  
Unmov'd, moving the rounds about  
Ball.

Container, uncontain'd, is, was, &  
Be sempiternal, merciful and just:  
Creator, uncreated, now I call  
Teach me thy truth, sith unto thee I  
Increase, confirm, & kindle, from ab  
My faith, my hope, but by the leave  
love.



THE

A. 3

# CHERRIE

AND THE

# SLAVE.

**A** Fout a bank with balmy bews,  
where nightingels their notes renews,  
with gallant Goldspings gay;  
The Mavis, Mistle, and *Progne* proud,  
The Lintwhite, Lark, and Laverock loud,  
saluted mirthful May.

**W**hen *Philomel* had sweetly sung,  
to *Progne* he deplored,  
How *Tereus* cut out her tongue,  
and falsly her deflored.

**W**hich story, so sory  
to shew asham'd she seem'd;  
To hear her, so near her,  
I doubted if I dream'd.

**T**he Cushtat crowds, the Corbie cries,  
The Cucko cawks, the prarling Pyes,  
to geck her they begin:

The Largoun; or the jangling Javes,  
The craiking Crows, the keckling Kayes,  
they deav'd me with their din;

The painted Pawn with *Argo's* cries,  
can on his Mayock call,

The Turtle wails on withered trees,  
and Echo answered all;

Repeating, with grieting,  
how fair *Narcissus* fell,

Byspying, and sayin;  
his shadow in the well.

G. 4

3. I saw the Hurcheon and the Hart,  
In hidlings hirplings here and there,  
to make their morning mange;  
The Con, the Cunnie, and the cat,  
Whose dainty downs with dew were wet,  
with stiff mustachoes strange,  
The Hart, the Hynd, the Dae, the Rae,  
the Fulmart, and false Fox,  
The bearded Buck clamb up the brae,  
with birrie Baits, and Bracks:  
Some feeding, some dreading,  
the hunters subtille snares,  
With skipping, and tripping,  
they plaid them all in pairs.

4. The air was sober, soft, and sweet,  
But misty vapors, wind, and weer,  
but quiet, calm and clear:  
To foster *Floras* fragrant flowres  
VWhereon *Appolos* paramours,  
had trinckled many [a tear;  
The which like silver shakers shin'd,  
imbroidering beauties bed,  
Wherewith their heavy heads declin'd,  
in *Mays* colours glad:  
Some knopping, some dropping,  
of balmy liquor sweet,  
Excelling in smelling,  
through *Phœbus* wholesome hear.

5. Me thought an heavenly heartsome thing  
Where dew like diamonds did hing,  
ov'rtwinkling all the trees,  
To study on the flourished twigs,  
Admiring natures Alcumists,  
laborious busie Bees;  
Whereof some sweetest honey sought,  
to stay their lives to starve,  
And some the waxie vessels wrought,  
their purchase to preserve;



So heaping, for keeping,  
in it their hyves they hide;  
Precisely, and wisely,  
for winter they provide.

To pen the pleasures of that park,  
ow every blossome, branch and bark  
against the sun did shine,  
passe to Poets to compyle  
A high heroick, stately stile,  
whose muse surmounts mine,  
as I looked mine alone,  
I saw a River rise,  
out ov'r a rocky rock of stone,  
slye lighted in a Line,  
With rumbling and rumbling  
among the roches round,  
Devalling and falling  
into a pit profound.

Through routing of the River rang  
the Roches, sounding like a sang  
where Descans did abound;  
With Treble; Tenor, Counter, Meane,  
an Echo blew, a Basse between,  
in Diapason sound;  
with the Oboe south Cleif  
with long and large at list,  
with Quiver, Crotcher, Semibrief;  
and not a Minim mist:

Completely, more sweetly,  
the fire down'd flat and sharp;  
That Muses which uses  
to pin Appollo's harp

Who would have tyrd to hear that tune  
high birds corroborat ay above,  
with layes of lovesome Larks?  
Which climb so high in Chrystal skyes,  
While Cupid wakened with his cries  
of natures Chappel clarks,

Who leaving all the heavens above,  
allighted on the card;  
Lo how that little Lord of Love,  
before me there appeared,  
So mild-like, and child like;  
with bow three quarters askant,  
Syne moyly, and coyly,  
he looked like a Saint,

9. A Cleanly Crisp hang ov'r his eles,  
His Quiver, by his naked thighs,  
hang in a silver lace:  
Of gold, between his shoulders, grew;  
Two pretty wings wherewith he flew,  
on his left arm a brace;  
This God seen off his gear he shook  
upon the grassie ground,  
I ran as lightly for to look  
where ferlies might be found:

Amazed, I gazed,  
to see his gear so gay,  
Perceiving, mine having,  
he counted me his prey.

10. His youth and stature made me flouit,  
Of doublenesse I had no doubt,  
but boured with my boy:  
Quoth I, how call they thee, my child?  
Cupido, Sir, (quoth he) and smil'd,  
please you me to imploy:  
For I can serve you in your suit,  
if you please to impyre,  
With wings to fite, and shafts to shoot,  
or flames to set on fire:  
Make chose then, of those then,  
or of a thousand things,  
But crave them, and have them:  
with that I woo'd his wings.

11. What would ye give, my heart, quoth he  
To have these wanton wings to fite,  
to sport thy spirit a while?

Or, whā: if love should lend thee, bere,  
ow, Quiver, shafts, and shooting gear,  
some body to beguile?

This gear, ( quoth I ) cannot be bought,  
yet would I have it faine:

What if ( quoth he ) it cost thee nought,  
but rendring all again?

His wings then, he brings then,  
and band them on my back:

Go flie now, quoth he now,  
and so my leave I take.

1. I sprang up with *Cupido's* wings,  
Whose shots, and shooting get resigns  
to lend me for a day.

As I *carus* with borrowed flight,  
mounted higher then I might,  
ov'r perillous a play,

First forth I drew the double dart,  
which sometimes shot his mother,  
Wherewith I hurt my wanton heart,  
in hope to hurt another;

It hurt me, or burnt me,  
while either end I handle:

Come see now, in me now,  
the Butterflie and candle;

As she delights into the low,  
So was I browden of my Bow,  
as ignorant as she,

And as she flies while she is fir'd,  
So with the dart that I desir'd,  
mine hands have hurt me too,

As foolish *Phaeton*, by suir,  
his fathers Chaire obtain'd,

longed in loves Bow to shoor,  
not marking what it mean'd;

More wilful, then skillful,  
to flee I was so fond,

Desiring, impyring,  
and so was seen upon't.

14. To late I knew, who hews to hie;  
The spail shal fall into his eye,  
too late I went to schools,  
Too late I heard the swallow preach;  
Too late experience dorh teach  
the School-Master of fools,  
Too late I find the nest I seek,  
when all the birds are flown;  
Too late the stable door I seek,  
when as the feed is flown;  
To late ay, their state ay,  
as foolish folk espy,  
Behind so, they find so,  
remeed and so do I.

15. If I had ripely been advis'd,  
I had not rashly enterpriz'd  
to soar with borrowed pens:  
Nor yet had sey'd the Archer craft,  
To shooe my self with such a shaft,  
as *Reason* quite miskens.  
*Fra Wilsfulnesse* gave me my wound,  
I had no force to flie:  
Then came I groaning to the ground;  
Friend, welcome home, quoth he:  
When flew ye, whom flew ye,  
Or who brings home the booring?  
I see now, quoth he now,  
you have been at the shooting.

16. As scorn comes commonly with skaitch  
So I behov'd to bidc them baith:  
so Ragging was my state,  
That under cure I got such check,  
Which I might not remove nor neck;  
but either stalle or mairc.  
Mine agony was so extream;  
I swelt and swowm'd for fear,  
But ere I wakened off my dream,  
he spoil'd me of my gear,

With

With flight then; on-hight then;  
sprang *Cupid* in the skyes,  
Forgetting. and setting  
at nought, my careful cryes;

7. So long with sight I followed him,  
While both my dazled eyes grew dim,  
through staring on the flarns;  
Which flew so thick before mine eene,  
Some red, some yellow, blew and green,  
which troubled all my barns;  
That every thing appeared two  
to my barbuiled brain;  
at long might I ly looking so,  
ere *Cupid* came again;

*Ad 10*

Whole thundring, with wondring;  
I heard up through the air  
Through clouds so, he thuds so,  
and flew I wist not where.

. Then when I saw that god was gone,  
and I in languor left alone,  
and sore tormented too,  
sometime I sigh'd while I was sad;  
merime I must'd and most gone mad,  
I doubted what to do;  
sometimes I rav'd half in a rage,  
as one into despair:

to be oppress'd with such a Page,  
Lord, if my heart was fair

Like *Dido*, *Cupido*

I widdle and I warie,  
Who freit me, and left me,  
in such a feiry sarie.

Then felt I *Courage* and *Desire*  
ame mine heart with uncouth fire,  
me before unknown:  
then no blood in me remains;  
burnt or boild within my veins,  
by loves bellows blown,

To

To drown here I was deuot'd,  
with sighs I went about :  
But ay the more I shope to mooret,  
the bolder it brake out ;

19. Ay preasing, but ceasing,  
while it might brake the bonds, *A 19*  
Mine hew so, forth shew so,  
the dolour of my wounds.

20. With deadly visage, pale and wan,  
( More like Anatome than man,  
A witherd clean away,

As wax before the fire, I felt  
Mine heart within my bosome melt,  
and picce and picce decay :

My veins by brangling like to break,  
my pulses lap with pith :

So seruency did me infect,  
that I was vext therewith ;

Mine heart ay, it start ay,  
the fiery flames to flie :  
Ay hoping, throgub longing,  
to leap at liberty.

21. But ( O late ) it was abus'd,  
My careful corps kept in inclos'd  
in prison of my breast :

With sighs so sopped and ov'r set,  
Like to a fish fast in a net,  
in dead-thraw undercast,

Which though ( in vain ) it strives by strength  
for to pull out her head :

Which profits nothing, at the length,  
but hastning to her dead ;

With thrifling, and wristling,  
the faster still is she :

There I so, did ly so,  
my death advancing to.

22. The more I wrestled with the wind,  
The faster still my self I find,  
no mirth my mind could mease,

Mon

More now then I had never none;  
Was so alter'd and ov'rgone,  
through drough of my disease;  
Yet weakly, as I might, I raise,  
my sight grew dim and dark,  
I staggered at the windle-stracs;  
no token I was stark,  
Both sightless, and mightless;  
I grew almost at once:  
In anguish, I languish,  
with many grievous groans.

23. With sober peace yet I approach  
Hard to the River and the loch,  
whereof I spake before:

The River such a murmur made;  
As to the sea it softly glade,  
the Craig was stay and short;  
Then *Pleasure* did me so provoke;  
there partly to repair;  
betwix the River and the rock;  
where *Hope* grew with *Despair*.

A tree then, I see then,  
of Cherries on the Brae;  
Below to, I saw too,  
a Bush of bitter Slac.

24. The Cherries hang about mine head;  
like, trickling Rubies round and red,  
so high up in the Heugh;  
those shadows in the Rivers shew;  
as grailthly as they grew,  
on trembling twigs and tough;  
hills bow'd through burden of the birth,  
declining down their tops:  
reflex of *Phæbus* off the Firth  
now coloured all their knops,

With dancing, with glancing,  
in trile as Dornick champ,  
Which streamed, and leamed,  
through lightnesse of that lamp.

25. With



25. With earnest eye while I espy  
That fruit between me and the sky,  
half gate almost to heaven ;

The Craig so combersome to climb,  
The tree so tall of growth and trim,  
as an arrow even ;

I call'd to mind how *Daphne* did  
within the Laurel shrink ,

When from *Appollo* she her hid  
a thousand times, I think ;

That tree there, to me there,  
as he the *Lure!* thought,  
Aspyring, but tyring,  
to get the fruit I sought,

26. To climb that Craig it was no bunt,  
Let be to preale to pull the fruit,  
in top of all the tree ;

I know no way whereby to come,  
By any craft to get it clumb,  
appearantly to me :

The Craig was ugly, stay and dreigh,  
the tree long, sound and smal,  
as afraid to climb so high,  
for fear to fetch a fall ;

Afrayed, I stayed,  
and looked up a lost,

Whiles minting, whiles flinting,  
my purpose changed oft.

27. Then *Dread*, with *Danger*, and *Despair*,  
Forbade me minting any mair  
to rax above my reach.

28. What ? touch, (quoth *Courage*) man, go to  
He is but dast that hath to do,  
and spares for every speech ;  
For I have oft heard looth man say,  
and we may see't our selves,  
That fortune helps the hardie ay,  
but pultrons ay repells ;

Then spare not; and fear not  
Dread Danger, nor Despair;  
To hazards, hard hazards  
is death, ere they come there.

28. Who speeds, but such as high aspires ?  
Who triumphs not, but such as tyres  
to win a noble name ?  
Of shrinking what but shame succeeds ?  
Then do as thou would have thy deeds  
in Register of fame.

I put the case thou not prevail'd,  
so thou with honour die,  
Thy life, but not thy courage fail'd,  
that Peers pen of thee ;  
Thy name then, from fame then,  
can never be cut off :  
The grave ay, shal have ay  
that honest Epitaph.

29. What canst thou lose when honour lives ?  
Renown thy vertue ay revives,  
if valiantly thou end.

Quoth *Danger*, holy, friend, take heed,  
Unimous spurring spills the Steed,  
take tent what ye pretend ;  
Though *Courage* counsel thee to climb,  
beware thou kep no skaith,

Have thou none help but *Hope* and him,  
they will beguile thee baith :

Thy sell now, can tell now;  
the counsel of their clarks :

Wherethrow yet, I trow yet,  
thy breatt doth beare the marks :

30. Burnt bairns with fire the danger dreads;  
So I believe thy bosome bleeds,  
since last that fire thou felt :  
Besides that, scindie time thou sees,  
That ever *Courage* keeps the keyes  
of knowledge, at his belt,

Though

Though he bid forward with the Guns,  
small power he provides :  
Be not a Novice of that Nuns,  
who saw not both the sides :  
Feels taste ay, almost ay,  
ov'rstyles the fight of some :  
Who looks not, who harks not  
what afterward may come.

51. Yet *Wisdom* wissheth thee to weigh  
This figure in Philosophy,  
a lesson worth to lear ;  
Which is, in time for to take care,  
And not, when time is past, repent,  
and buy repentance dear ;  
Is there no honour after life,  
except thou slay thy self ;  
Wherefore bath *Atropos* that knife ?  
I trow thou canst not tell ;  
Who but it, would cut it,  
which *Clotho* scarce hath spun ;  
Destroying, the joying,  
before it be begun.

52. All ov'rs are repute to be vice,  
ov'r high, ov'r low, ov'r rash, ov'r nice,  
ov'r hot or yet ov'r cold,  
Thou seems unconstant by thy sign,  
Thy thought is on a thousand things,  
thou wats not what thou would,  
Let *Fame* her pittie on thee power,  
when all thy bones are broken :  
Yon *Slae*, suppose thou think it sowre<sup>3</sup>  
would satisfie to floken ?  
Thy droughth now, of youth now,  
which dries thee with desire :  
Assuage them, thy rage them,  
lowle water quencherh fire.

53. What fool art thou to die a thirst,  
And now may quench it if thou list,  
so easily but pain ?

3, More honour is to vanquish one,  
Then fight with ten some, & be tane,  
and either hurt or slain.

The practice is, to bring to passe,  
and not to enterprise :

And as good drinking out of glasse,  
as gold in any wise,

I lever, have ever,  
a sowl in hand, or tway,  
Than seeing, ten flying  
about me all the day.

4. Look where thou light before thou lowp  
And slip no certaintie for hope,  
who guides thee but beguesse.

Quoth *Courage*, cowards take no cure  
To sit with shame, so they be sure :  
I like them all the lesse.

What pleasure purchast is but pain,  
or honour won with ease ?

He will not ly where he is slain,  
who doubts before he dies :

For fear then, I hear then,  
but only one remed,

Which late is, and that is,  
for to cut off the head.

5. What is the way to heal thy hurt?

What way is there to stay thy hurt ?

what means to make thee merry?

What is the comfort thou dost crave ?

Suppose these Sophists thee deceive,  
thou knows it is the Cherrie.

Since for it only thou but thirsts,  
the Stae can be no built :

It is also thine health confirs,  
and in none other fruit.

Why quakes thou, and shakes thou  
or studies at our strife ?

Advise thee, it lyes thee  
on no less then thy life.

36. If any patient would be panic'd,  
Why should he leap when he is lanc'd,  
or shrink when he is shorn?

For I have heard Chirurgeons say,  
Oft-times deserting off a day  
might not be mend the morn,  
Take time in time, ere time be tint;  
for time will not remain:

What forceth fire out of the flint,  
but as hard match again?

Delay not, nor fray nor,  
and thou shalt see it sa;

Such gets ay, who sets ay **A 18**  
Rout stomachs to the brace.

37. Though all beginning be most hard,  
The end is pleasant afterward,  
then shrink not for no shewre:

When once that thou thy greening get,  
Thy pain and travel is forget,  
the sweet exceeds the sowre:

Go to then quickly, fear not thir,  
for Hope good hap hath heighr,  
Quoth, Danger, be not sudden, Sir;  
the matter is of weight;

First spy both, then try both,  
advilement doth none ill:

Thou may y then, I say then,  
be wilful when thou wilt!

38. But yet to mind the proverb cal,  
Who uses perils perish shal,  
short while their life them lasts.

And I have heard (quoth Hope) that he  
Should never shape to sail the Sea,  
that for all perils casts.

How many through Dispair are dead,  
that never perils pricy'd;

How many also, if thou read,  
of lives have we reliev'd?

Wh

Who being, even dying,  
but *Danger*, but despair'd;  
A hunder, I wonder,  
but thou hast heard declar'd.

If we two hold not up thine heart,  
which is the chief and noblest part,  
by works will not go wel:  
consider, the companions can  
swadge a silly simple man  
to hazard for his hell.

Suppose they have deceived some,  
ere we and they might meet,  
they get no credance where we come,  
in any man of spirit.

By reason, their treason  
by us is plainly spy'd:  
Revealing, their dealing,  
which dow not be deny'd.

With sleekie Sophisms seeming sweet,  
all their doing were discreet,  
they wish thee to be wise,  
 postponing time from hour to hour,  
faith is underneath the flowre,  
the lurking Serpent lyes;  
suppose thou seest her not a kime,  
while that she sting thy loor,  
receives thou not what precious time  
thy sleuth doth overshoot:

Alace man, thy case man;  
in lingring, I lament:  
Go to now, and do now,  
that courage be content.

What if Melancholy come in,  
and get a grip ere thou begin?  
then is thy labour lost;  
he wil hold thee hard and fast,  
all time, and place, and fruit be past;  
and thou give up the ghost.

Then shal be graven upon that place,  
which on thy tomb is laid,  
Sometime there liv'd such one, a lace:  
but how shal it be said?

Here lyes now, but praise now,  
into dishoneurs bed,

A coward, as thou art,  
who from his fortune fled,

42. Imagine, man, if thou were laid  
In grave, and syne might hear this said,  
would thou not sweat for shame?

Yes, saith, I doubt not but thou would:  
Therefore, if thou have eyes behold  
how they would smore thy fame.

Go to, and make no more excuses  
ere life and honour lose:

And either them or us refuse:  
there is no other chose:

Consider, together  
that we do never dwell:

At length ay, but strength ay,  
the pultrons we expel.

43. Quoth *Danger*, since I understand,  
That counsel can be no command,  
I have no more to say:

Except, if that that thou think it good

Take counsel yet ere ye conclude,

of wiser men than they;

They are but rackleffe, young & rash  
suppose they think us fleit:

If of our fellowship ye fash,

with them, hardly be it,

God spread you, they lead you

who have not meikle wit,

Expelus, yee'l tell us,

hereafter comes not yet,

44. While *Danger* and *Despair* retir'd,  
*Experience* came in and speir'd

What all the matter mean'd,



With him came Reason, Will and Skill;  
Then they began to ask at Will,  
Where make you to, my friend?  
To pluck you lusty Cherrie, lo,  
Quoth he, and quite the Slae;  
Quoth they, is there no more ado,  
Ere ye win up the brae?  
But to it, and do it,  
Perforce your fruit to pluck,  
Wel, brother, some other  
Were better to conduct.

5. We grant ye may be good enough,  
But yet the hazard of yon heugh  
Requires a graver guide;  
As wise as ye are may go wrang,  
Therefore take counsel, ere ye gang,  
Of some that stand beside,  
But who were yon three ye forbade  
Your company right now?  
Quoth Will, three Preachers, to perswade  
The poysoned Slae to pow;  
They trailed, and pratted  
A long half hour and mair;  
Foul fall them, they call them,  
Dread, Danger and Despair.

6. They are more fashions then of leek,  
Yon, hazards durst not, for their neck,  
Climb up the craig with us:  
Ere we determined to die,  
Or then to climb the Cheirietree;  
They bode about the bush;  
They are condition'd like the Cat,  
They would not weel their feet;  
But yet, if any fish we get,  
They would be apt to eat.  
Though they now, I say now,  
To hazard have no heart,  
Yet luck we, or pluck we,  
The fruit they would not part.

47. But when we get our voyage won;  
Then shal not then a Cherrie eun,  
who would not enterpise.  
Wel ( quoth Experience ) ye boast,  
But he that reckons but his host,  
oft-times he counteth twise ;  
Yce sell the Bairs skin on his back,  
but bide while ye it get :  
Ween ye have done it's time to crack,  
ye fish before the net ;  
What haste, Sir, ye taste, Sir,  
The Cherrie ere ye pow'r ;  
Beware, Sir, ye are, Sir,  
more talkative nor trowit.

48. Cal Danger back again. ( quoth Skill )  
To see what ye can say to Will,  
we see him shoald so strair,  
We may not trow what each one tells,  
Quoth Courage, we concluded els,  
he serves not for our mate ;  
For I can tell you all perquiere,  
his counsel ere he come:  
Quoth Hope, whereto should he come here ?  
he cannot hold him dumb ;  
He speaks ay, and seeks ay  
delay oft-times and drifts :  
To grieve us, and dieve us  
with Sophistry and shifts.

Ag 23 46. Quoth Reason, why was he debar'd :  
The tale is ill cannot be heard,  
yet let us hear him anes,  
Then Danger to declare began,  
How Hope and Courage took the man,  
to lead them their lanes ;  
How they would have him up the hill,  
but either slope or stay ;  
And who was welcomer then Will,  
he would be foremost ay :

He could do, and should do,  
who ever would or dought ;  
Such speeding, proceedings,  
unlikely was I thought.

o; Therefore I wisht him to beware,  
and rashly not run ov'r far,  
without such guides as ye.

Quoth *Courage*, friend, I hear you sail,  
Take better tent unto your tale,  
ye said it could not be;  
besides that ; he would not consent  
that ever we should climb.

Quoth *Will*, for my part I repent  
we saw them more then him :

7) For they are, the slayer  
of us as wel as he :  
I think now, they shrink now,  
go forward, let them be.

Go, go, we do nothing but gucks,  
they say the voyage never lucks,  
where each one hath a vote.

Quoth *Wisdom* gravely, Sir, I grant  
We were no worse your vote to want,  
some sentence now I note ;  
suppose you speak it but beguiste,  
some fruit therein I find,  
it would be foremost, I confesse,  
but comes oft-times behind.

It may be, that they be  
deceiv'd that never doubted,  
Indeed, Sir, that head, Sir,  
hath meikle wit about it.

Then wilful *Will* began to rage,  
and swore, he saw nothing in age,  
but anger, ire, and grudge :  
and for my self, ( quoth he ) I swear  
quite all my companions here,  
if they admit you judge ;

*Experience*

Experience is grown so old,  
that he begins to rave ;  
The rest, but *Courage*, are so cold,  
no hazard'g they have,  
For *Danger*, far *Stranger*  
bath made them then they were,  
Go fra them, we pray them  
who neither doe nor dare.

53. Why may not we three lead this one ?  
I led an hundred mine alone,  
but counsel of them all.  
I grant (quoth *Wisdom*) ye have led;  
But I would spier how many sped,  
or furthered but a fall ;  
But either few or none I trow,  
*Experience* can tell.

He sayes, that man may wite but you,  
the first time that he fell ;

*424*  
*B* He kens then, whose pens then,  
thou borrowed him to file :  
His wounds yet, which stounds yet,  
He got them then through thee.

54. That (quoth *Experience*) is true,  
*Will* flatter'd him when first he flew,  
*Will* set him in a low,  
*Will* was his counsel and convoy:  
*Will* borrowed from the blinded Boy,  
both Quiver, Wings, and Bow,  
Wherewith before he say'd to shoer,  
he neither yeeld to youth,  
Nor yet had need of any fruit  
to quench his deadly drouth ;  
Which plines him, and devines him  
to death, I wor not how ;  
If *Will* then, did ill then,  
himself remembers now,

55. For I *Experience* was there,  
(Likeas I use to be all where)  
what time he wiled *Will*,

to be the ground of all his grief;  
I my self can be a prief,  
and witnesse thereuntill,  
there are no bounds but I have been;  
nor hidlings from the hid,  
nor secret things but I have seen,  
that he or any did,

Therefore now, no more now,  
let him think to conceal;  
For why now, even I now  
am debt-bound to reveal.

6. My custome is for to declare  
the truth, and neither eke nor pair,  
for any man, a jot.

Willfull *Will* delights in lies,  
simple in thy self thou sees,  
how he can turn his coar,  
and with his language would allure  
thee yet to brake thy bones:  
thou knows thy self if he be sure;  
thou used his counsel once:  
Who would yet, behold yet,  
to wreak thee were not we;  
Think on now, on yon now,  
quoth *Wisdom* then to me.

7. Well, quoth *Experience*, if he  
betrayes himself to you and me;  
I wot what I should say;  
our good advice he shall not want,  
providing alwayes that he grant  
to put yon *Will* away,  
and banish both him and *Despair*,  
that all good purpose spills;  
he will mell with him no mair,  
let them two flyte their fills;  
Such cossing, but lossing,  
all honest men may use;  
That change now, were strange now,  
quoth *Reason*, to refuse,

58. Quoth *Will*, Ey on him, when he flew;  
That pow'd not Cherries then anew,  
for to have stay'd his flurt.

Quoth *Reason*, though he bare the blame,  
He never saw nor needed them,  
whil'e he himfelf had hurt:

First, when he mifter'd not, he might,  
he needs, and may not now:

**T**hy folly, when he had his flight,  
compasht him to pow:

Both he now, and we now,  
perceive thy purpose plain,  
To turn him, and burn him,  
and blow on him again.

59. Quoth *Skill*, what would we longer strive  
Far better late than never thrive,  
come let us help him yet:

Tintime we may not get again,  
We waste but present time in vain:  
Beware with that, (quoth *Will*)

Speak on, *Experience*, let see,  
we think you hold you dumb:  
Of by gones I have heard, quoth he,  
I know not things to come.

Quoth *Reason*, the season  
with flowthing slides away:  
First take him, and make him  
a man, if that you may.

60. Quoth *Will*, if he be not a man,  
I pray you, Sirs, what is he then?  
he looks like one at least.

Quoth *Reason*, if he follow ther,  
And minde not to remain with me,  
nought but a brutal beast;

A man in shape doth not consist,  
for all your taunting tales;  
Therefore, fir *Will*, I would ye wist  
your Metaphysick fails;

Go lear  
your

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lear yet, a year yet,  
your Logick at the schools;  
ome day then you may then,  
pass Master with the Mooles.

34

Quoth *Will*, I marvel what you mean;  
I not trow mine own two sen,  
all your logick schools?  
d not, I were not wise,  
n *Reason*, I have told you thrice  
e farlies more then fools.  
e be more lenses than the sight,  
ch ye ov'rhaile for haste,  
if ye remember right,  
, hearing, touch and taste,  
d quick things, have sick things,  
mean both man, and beast,  
kind ay, we find ay,  
y lacks them at the last,

by that consequence of thinges  
logism said like a Swine,  
ow may learn thee lear:  
uses only but the eyes,  
uchers, tastes, smells, hears, and sees,  
ich matches thee and mair,  
nce to triumph ye intend,  
esently appears,  
t your Clergie to be kend,  
ye two Asses ears,  
e Miter, perfyter,  
or *Medas* for his meed;  
at hood, Sir, is good, Sir,  
hap you bran-sick head,  
e have no feel for to define,  
h ye have cunning to decline  
an to be a Mool,  
ittle work yet ye may vow'd  
w a gallant horse and good,  
ide thereon at Yool.

35

C

But



But to our ground where we began,  
for all our guffless jests;  
I must be master of the man,  
but thou to brutal beasts;

So we two, must be two  
to cause both kinds be known;  
Keep mine then, from thine thens,  
ind each one use their own;

64. Then *Will*, as angry as an Ape,  
Ran ramping, swearing rude and rape,  
saw he none other shaft;  
He would not want an inch his will;  
Ev'n whether't did him good or ill,  
for thirty of his thrift.

He would be foremost in the field,  
and master, if he might;  
Yes, he should rather die then yeeld,  
though *Reason* had the right.

Shall he now make me now,  
his subject or his slave?

No rather, my father;  
shall quick go to his grave;

65. I helght him while mine heart is heal,  
To perish first ere he prevail,  
c me after what so may.

Quoth *Reason* doubt you not indeed,  
Ye hit the nail upon the head,  
it shall be as ye say;

Suppose ye spur for to aspire,  
your bridle wants a bit;

**B6** That mark may leave you in the mire,  
as sicker as ye sit.

Your sentence, repentance  
shall leave you, I be'ieve;  
And anger you langer,  
when you that practick prive;

66. As ye have dyed your decreet,  
Your prophesie to be compleat,  
perhaps and to your pains:  
It hath been said, and may be so,

wilfull man wants never wo,  
though he get little gains;  
since ye think't an easie thing  
to mount about the Moon,  
if your owne fiddle take a spring,  
and dance when ye have done;  
if than, Sir, the man, Sir,  
like of your mirth, he may  
and spier first, and hear first,  
what he himself will say.

Then altogether they began,  
and said, come on thou martyr'd man;  
what is thy will? advise,  
hast'd abony while I bade,  
and mut'd ere I my answer made,  
I turn'd me once or twice,  
holding every one about,  
whose motions mov'd me maist,  
me seem'd assur'd, some dread for doubt;  
Will ran red wood for haste:

With wringing and flinging,  
for madnesse like to mangle:  
Despair too, for care too,  
would needs himself go hang:

Which, when Experience perceiv'd,  
both he, remember if I sav'd,  
as Will alledg'd of late,  
then as he swore, nothing he saw,  
rage, but anger slack and slow,  
and cankred in conceit;  
could not look, as he alledg'd,  
who all opinions spier'd:  
was so frake and fierly edg'd,  
he thought us four but fear'd,  
Who pancis, what chances  
quoth he, no worship wins;  
to some best, shal come best,  
who hap well, rack well ring.

69 Yet, (quoth *Experience*) behold,  
For all the tales that ye have told,  
how he himself behaves;  
Because *Despair* could come no speed,  
Lo here he hings all but the head,  
and in a widdie waves;  
If you be sure, once thou may see,  
to men that with them mells;  
If they had hurt or helped thee,  
consider by themselves,  
Then chuse thee, to use thee,  
by us or such as you,  
Synce son now, have done now,  
make either of or on.

70. Perceiv'st thou not wherefra proceeds.  
The frantick fantisie that seeds  
thy furious flaming fire?

V Which doth thy baillful breast combure  
That none indeed (quoth they) can cure,  
nor help thine hearts desire;

BB

The piercing passion of the spirit

V Which wasts thy vital breath

Doth hold thine heavy heart with heat,  
desire draws on thy death.

Thy pounces, apronunes  
all kind of quiet rest,

That seaver, hath ever  
thy person so opprest;

71. Couldst thou come once acquaint, with  
He knows what humors do thee ill, (*Skill*),  
and how thy cares contracts,  
He knows the ground of all thy griefe,  
And reciples of thy relief,  
all medicins he makes,

Quoth *Skill*, come on, content am I  
to put mine helping hand,  
Providing alwayes he apply,  
to counsel and command,

VV

While we then, quoth he then,  
are minded to remain,  
Give place now, in case now  
thou get us not again;

: Assure thy self, if that we shed,  
thou shalt not get thy purpose sped,  
to heed, we have thee told;  
we have done, and drive not off the day,  
he man that will not when he may,  
he shall not when he would:  
What wilt thou do? I would we wist,  
to accept, or give us o'r.

Both I, I think me more than blest,  
to find such famous four:

Besides me, to guide me,  
now when I have to do,  
Considering, what (widdering  
ye found me first into,

B9

When *Courage* cry'd a stomach stout;  
and *Danger* drave me into doubt,  
with his companion *Dread*;  
Whiles *Will* would up above the air,  
Whiles I am drown'd in deep *Despair*,  
Whiles *Hope* held up mine head:  
Each pithy reasons and replies,  
on every side they shew:

But I, who was not very wise,  
thought all their tales were true:

So many, and bony  
old problems they proponit:

But quickly, and likely,  
I marvell mekle on it.

Yet *Hope* and *Courage* van the field,  
though *Dread* and *Danger* never yeild,  
but fled to find refuge;  
yet when the four came, they were fain,  
because ye gart us come again,  
they grien'd to get you judge:

C2

Where

Where they were fugitives before;  
ye made them frank and free,  
To speak and stand in awe no more  
Quoth Reason, so should be;  
Of times now, but crimes now;  
but even perforce it falls:  
The strong ay, with wrong ay,  
puts weaker to the walls.

75. Which is a fault ye must confesse;  
Strength was not ordain'd to oppresse  
B 10 with rigor by the right;  
But, by the contrarie, to sustain  
The loaden which ov'rburdened been;  
as meekle as they might;  
So Hope and Courage did (quoth I)  
experimented like;  
Sho skill'd and pitthy reasons why  
that Danger lape the dyke,

Quoth Danger, Sir, take heed, Sir,  
long spoken part must spill:  
Insist not, we must not  
we went against our will;

76. With Courage ye we e so content,  
Ye never lought our smal consent,  
of us ye stood not aw;  
Then Logick lessons ye allowed,  
And were determined to trow it,  
a ledgeance past for law:  
For all the proverbs we perus'd,  
ye thought them skantely skill'd,  
Our reason had been as well rus'd,  
had ye been as well will'd  
To our side, as your side,  
so truly I may tearm'e;  
I see now, in thre now,  
affection doth affirm'e;

77. Experience then smirking (smill'd  
We are no baits to be beguill'd,  
(quoth he) and shook his head

Authors who alledge us  
they still would win about the bus  
to foster deadly seed;

we are equal for you all,  
no persons we respect;

have been so, are yet, and shall  
be found so in effect:

If we were, as ye were,  
we had come unrequit'd;

But we now, ye see now,  
do nothing undesir'd;

B 11

There is a sentence said by some,  
none uncall'd to counsell come,  
that welcome weens to be:

I have heard another yet,  
no came uncall'd unserv'd should sit,  
perhaps fit so may ye.

God-man, gramercie for your geck,  
Sir, (quoth *Hope*) and lowly louts:  
ye were sent for, we suspect,  
because the Doctors doubts;

Your years now, appears now  
with wisdom to be vext,

Rejoycing, in glossing,  
till ye have tint your texts;

Where ye were sent for, let us see,  
who would be welcomer than we,  
prove that, and we are pay'd,

till (quoth *Experience*) be ware,  
you know not in what case you are,  
your tongue hath you betray'd:  
he man may able time a stor,

who cannot count his kinch;  
your own bow you are ov'reshot,  
by more then half an inch.

Who wats, Sir, if that, Sir,

be sowre which I speak sweet;

I fear now, ye hear now,  
a dangerous decreet.

B 12

80. Sir, by that sentence ye have said,  
I pledge, ere all the play be plaid,  
that some shall lose a laik :  
Since ye but puts me for to prove,  
Such heads as help for my behove,  
your warrand is but weak,  
Spie at the man your self, and see,  
suppose ye strive for state,  
He regrated not how he  
had learn'd my leasson late :  
And granted, he wanted,  
both *Reason, Wis, and Skill,*  
Complaining, and meaning  
our absence did him ill,

81. Confront him further face to face;  
If yet he rew his rackleffe race ;  
perhaps and ye shal hear,  
For ay since *Adam* and since *Eve*,  
Who first thy leasings did believe,  
I sold thy doctrine dear,  
What hath been done even to this day,  
I keep in mind almasit :  
Ye promise further than ye pay,  
Sir *Hope*, for all your haste ;  
Promiting, unwitting,  
your heghts you never hooked :  
I shew you, I know you,  
your by-gones I have booked.

82. I would, in case a count were crav'd  
Shew thousand thousands thou dectiv'd  
where thou wait true to one ;

B13

[And, by the contrare I may vant,  
Which thou must ( though it grieve thee ) grant  
I trumped never a man :  
But truly told the naked truth  
to men that mell'd with me,  
For neither rigour, nor for truth,  
but only leath to lie;



To some yer, to come yer;  
thy succour shall be slight,  
Which I them, must try then;  
and register it right;

3. Ha, ha, (quoth *Hope*) and lewdly laugh;  
Ye're but a prentice at the pleugh,

*Experience*, ye prive;  
Suppose all by-gones, as ye spake;  
Ye are no Prophet worth a plack,  
nor I bound to believe.

Ye should not say, Sir, till ye see,  
but when ye see it, say:

Yet (quoth *Experience*) at thee  
make many mints I may:

By signs now, and things now,  
which ay before me bears:

Expressing, by guessing,  
the peril that appears:

4. Then *Hope* reply'd and that with pith,  
And wisely weigh'd his words therewith,  
sententiously and short;

Quoth he, I am the Anchor grip,  
That saves the Sailers and their ship  
from perill to their port.

Quoth he, oft-times that Anchor drives;  
as we have found before,

and loses many thousand lives,  
by ship-wrack on the shore:

Your grips oft, but slips oft,  
when men have most to do;

Syne leave them, and reaves them  
of my companion too;

grain, Thou leaves them not thy self alone,  
but, to their grief when thou art gone,  
gears *Courage* quite them also.

Quoth *Hope*, I would ye understood,  
grip fast it the ground be good,  
and fliecs it where it is false:

There should no fault with me found,  
nor I accus'd at all,

With

With such as should have found the ground  
before the Anchor fall :  
their seeday, at needay,  
might warn them if they would ,  
If they there, would stay there,  
or have good Anchor-held.

86, If ye read right, It was not I,  
But only ignorance, whereby  
their Carvels all were cloven :  
I am not for a trumper tane ,  
All ( quoth Experience ) is one ;  
I have my proesse proven,  
To wit, that we are call'd each one  
to come before we came ,  
That now objections ye have none,  
your self must say the same,  
Ye are now, too far now,  
come forward for to flie :  
Perceive then, ye have them *Big*  
the worst end of the tree,

87. When Hope was gall'd into the quick ,  
Quoth Courage kicking at the prick,  
we let you well to wit,  
Make he you welcomer than we ,  
Then bygones bygones, farewell he,  
except he seek us yet :  
He understands his own estate ;  
let him his chistains chuse :  
But yet his battel will be blate ;  
if he our force refuse ;  
Refuse us, or chuse us ,  
our counsel is he climb :  
But stay he, or stray he,  
we have none help for him.

88. Except the Cheerie be his chose,  
Be ye his friends , we are his foes ;  
his doings we despise.  
If we perceive him settled fa ;  
To satisfie him with the Slae.

his company we quite.

Then *Dread* and *Danger* grew so glad,  
and wont that they had won,  
They thought all seal'd that they had said,  
sen they had first begun :

They thought then , they mought then  
wlthout a party plead :

But yet there, with *Wis* there,  
they were dung down indeed.

39. Sirs, *Dread* and *Danger* then ( quoth *Wis* )  
Ye did your selves to me submit

*Experience* can prove :

That ( quoth *Experience* ) I past ,  
There own confession made them fast,  
they may no more remove ;

For if I right remember me,  
this maxime then they made,

To wit, -he man with *Wis* should weigh,  
what Philosophs had said :

Which sentence , repentance  
forbade him dear to buy,

They knew then, how true then,  
and press'd not to reply.

40. Though he dang *Dread* and *Danger* down  
Yet *Courage* could not overcome,  
*Hope* height him such a hire.

He thought himself, so soon he saw  
His enemies we laid so law ;

it was no time to tire.

He hit the iron while it was heat,  
in case it might grow cold :

For he esteem'd his feet defeat,

when once he found them sold.

Though he now, quoth he now  
hath been so free and frank ,

Unseught yet , he mought yet,  
for kindnesse cun'd us thank.

41. Suppose it so as thou hast said,  
that unrequir'd we offered aid :

at least it came of love,  
*Experience*, ye start too soon,  
Ye dow nothing while all be done,  
and then perhaps ye prove  
more plain than pleasant, to perchance;  
*Some* tell that you have tryed,  
As fast as ye your self advance,  
ye dow not well deny it:

Abide then, your tide then,  
and wait upon the wind;  
Ye know, Sir, ye owe, Sir,  
to hold you ay behind.

92. When ye have done some doughty deeds,  
Synce ye should see how all succeeds,  
to write them as they were.

Friend, huly, haste not half so fast,  
Lest (quoth *Experience*) at last  
ye buy my doctrine dear.

*Hope* puts that haste into your head,  
which boils your barmy brain,  
Howbeit fools haste makes huly speed,  
fair heights makes fools be faine.

Such smiling, beguilling  
bids fear not for no frets:

Yet I now, deny now,  
that all is gold that gleers.

93. Suppose no silver all that shines,  
Oft-times a teatleffe Merchant times,  
for buying gear beguiffe.

For all the vantage and the winning,  
Good buyers gets at the beginning.

Quoth *Courage*, not the lesse,  
Whiles as good Merchant times as wines,  
if old mens tales be true;

Suppose the pack come to the pins,  
who can his chance eschew?

Then, good Sir, conclude, Sir,  
good buyers hath done baith:

*Bi* Advance then, take chance then,  
as sundry good ships hath,

94. Wh

94. Who wist what would be cheap or dear,  
Should need no traffique but a year,  
if things to come were kend ;  
Suppose all bygon things be plaine,  
Your prophesie is but prophane,  
ye had best behold the end.  
Ye would accuse me of a crime,  
almost before we meet ;  
Torment me not before the time,  
since dolour payes no debt ;  
VVhat by-past, that I past,  
ye wot if it was well,  
To come yet, by doom yet,  
confesse ye have no fell.

95. Yet, ( quoth *Experience* ) what than :  
VVho may be meetest for the man ?  
let us his answer have :  
VVhen they submitted them to me  
To *Reason* I was faine to flie,  
his counsel for to crave.  
Quoth he, since ye your selves submit,  
to do as I decreet,  
I shal advile with *Skill* and *Wile*,  
what they think may be meet :  
They cry'd then, we bid then,  
at *Reason* for refuge :  
Allow him, and trow him  
as governour and judge.

96. So said they all with one consent,  
VVhat he concludes we are content  
his bidding to obey :  
He hath authority to use,  
Then take his chose whom he would chuse,  
and longer not delay :  
Then *Reason* rose and was rejoic'd  
quoth he, mine hearts, come hither,

I hope

I hope this play may be compos'd,  
that we may go together ;  
To all now, I shall now,  
his proper place assign ;  
That they here shal say here,  
they think none other thing :

97. Come on (quoth he) companions Skill,  
Ye understand both good and ill,  
In Physick ye are fine ;  
Be Mediciner unto this man,  
And show such cunning as ye can,  
to put him out of pain,  
First gard the ground of all his grief,  
what sickness ye suspect,  
Synce look what he lacks for relief,  
ere further he infect ;  
Comfort him, exhort him,  
give him your good advice,  
And pause nor, nor skance not  
the pearly nor the price.

98. Though it be cumbersome, what reck ?  
Finde out the cause by the effect,  
and working of his veins ;  
Yet while we grip it to the ground,  
See first what fashion may be found  
to pacifie his pains ;  
Do what ye dowe to have him heal,  
and for that purpose please ;  
Cut off the cause, th' effect must fail ;  
so all his sorrow cease.

**B** ~~E~~ **20** This fever shall never  
from henceforth have no force,  
Then urge him, to purge him,  
he will not wax the worse.

9. Quoth Skill, his senses are so sick ;  
I know no liquor worth a leek,  
to quench his deadly drough ;  
Except the Cherrie help his heat

Whose

Whose sapple flocking, sharp and sweet,  
might melt into his mouth;  
And his melancholy remove:  
to mitigate his mind :  
None wholsomer for his becheve;  
nor more cooling of kinde,  
No *Nectar*, director,  
could all the gods him give;  
Nor send him, to mend him,  
none like it, I belive:

100. For droughth decays as it digests,  
Why then (quoth *Reason*) nothing rests,  
but how it may be had :  
Most true (quoth *Skill*) that is the scope,  
Yet we must have some help of *Hope*,  
Quoth *Danger*, I am red  
His hastineis breed us mishap;  
when he is highly horkt :  
I would we looked ere we lap,  
Quoth *Wit*, that were not worst.  
I mean now, convene now  
the counsel one and all ;  
Begin then, call in then,  
Quoth *Reason*, so I shall

101. Then *Reason* rose with gesture grave;  
Belyve convening all the lave,  
to see what they would say:  
With silver scepter in his hand;  
As Chistain chosen to command,  
and they bent to obey ;  
He panted long before he spake,  
and in a study stood;  
Synce he began and silence brake  
come on, quoth he, conclude  
What way now, we may now,  
yon Cherrie come to catch :  
Speak out, sirs, about sirs,  
have done, let us dispatch;

102. Quoth

102, Quoth *Courage*, scourge him first that  
Much musing memory but mars; (skat

I tell you mine intent.

Quoth *Wis*, who will not partly pance,  
In perils perishes perchance,  
ov'r rackles may repent,

Then, quoth *Experience*, and spake;

Sir, I have seen them baith,  
In bairnlinesse; and ly a back,  
escape and come to skaith:

But what now, of that now?

Sturt follows all extreame;

Retain then, the mean then,  
the surest way it seems.

103, VWhere some hes furtherd some hes fail'd

VWhere part hes perisht, part prevail'd,  
alike all cannot lucke;

Then neither venture with the one,

Or with the other let alone;

the cherrie for to pluck,

Quoth *Hope*, for fear folk must not fash;

Quoth *Danger*, let not lighr,

Quoth *Wis*, be neither rude nor rash;

B22 Quoth *Reason*, ye have right:

The rest then, thought best then;

when *Reason* said it so,

That roundly, and soundly;

they should together go.

104, To get the Cherrie in all haste;

As for my safety serving maist,

though *Dread* and *Danger* fear'd;

The perill of that irksome way,

Lest that thereby I should decay,

who then so weak appear'd;

Tet *Hope* and *Courage* hard beside;

who with them wont contend,

Did take in hand us for to guide

unto our journeys end.

105. T  
Alledg  
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But said  
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7. Rebu  
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cause thei  
so far as  
them, as

Im



Imploding, and waiding  
both two, their lives for mine;  
Providing, the guiding,  
to them were granted syne,

Then *Dread* and *Danger* did appeal,  
edging it could not be well,  
or yer would they agree:  
said, they should sound their retreat,  
cause they thought them no wayes meet;  
conducters unto me,  
or to no man in mine estate,  
with sicknesse sore opprest.  
they took ay the nearest get  
omitting oft the best:  
Their nearest, perquirt;  
is alwayes to them baith,  
Where they, Sir, may say, Sir,  
what reckes them of their skaith.

But as for us two, now we swear:  
him before whom we appear,  
our full intent is now.

have you whole, and alway was  
it purpose for to bring to passe;  
is not theirs, I trow.

en *Hope* and *Courage* did attest  
the gods at both these partes,  
they wrought not all for the best  
of me with upright hearts:

Our Christian, then lifting,  
his scepter, did enjoyn,  
No more there, uproar there,  
and so their strive was done.

7. Rebuking *Dread* and danger sore,  
suppose they meant well evermore,  
to me as they had sworn;  
cause their neighbours they abus'd,  
so far as they had accus'd  
them, as ye heard beforen,

Did he not else (quoth he) consent  
the Chertie for to pow.?

Quoth *Danger*, we are well content,  
but yet the manner how;

We shall now, even all now,  
get this man with us there,  
It rest is, and best is,  
your counsel shall declare.

108. Well said (quoth *Hope* and *Courage*) now  
We thereto will accord with you,  
and shall abide by them.

Likeas before we do submit,  
So we repeat the samine yet,  
we mind not to reclaim;

Whom we shall chuse to guide the ways,  
we shall him follow straight;

And farther this man, what we may,  
because we have so heght;

Promitting, but sitting,

to do the thing we can,

To ease both, and please both,  
this filly sickly man.

109. When *Reason* heard this, then (quoth he)  
I see your chiefest stay to be,  
that we have nam'd no guide;

The worthy Counsel hath therefore,  
Thought good that *Wis* should go before,  
for perils to provide,

Quoth *Wis*, there is but one of three,  
which I shall to you show,

Whereof the first two cannot be,  
for any thing I know:

The way here, so stay here,  
is that we cannot climb,

Even ov'r now, we fear now;  
that will be hard for him.

110. The next, if we go down about,  
While that this bend of Craigs run out,

the stream is there so stark,  
And also passeth weding deep,  
And broader far than we do leap,  
it should be idle wark,  
It grows ay broader than the sea,  
sen ov'r the Lin it came,  
The running dead doth signifie  
the deepnesse of the same.

I leave now, to deave now,  
how that it swiftly slides;  
As sleeping and creeping,  
but nature so provides.

ix. Our way then lyes about the lin;  
Whereby a witrاند we shall win,  
it is so straight and plain;  
The water also is so shald,  
We shall it pass even as we wald,  
with pleasure and but pain;  
For, as we see the mischief grow  
oft of a secklesse thing,  
So likewise doth this river flow  
forth of a pretty spring;

Whole throat, Sir, I wot Sir,  
ye may stop with your nieve,  
As you, Sir, know, Sir,  
Experience can prieve.

x. That (quoth Experience) I can;  
All that ye said, since ye began,  
I know to be of truth,

Quoth Skill, the samine I approve,  
Quoth Reason, then let us remove,  
and sleep no more in sleuth,

Wis and Experience (quoth he)  
shall come before apace,

Then man shall come with Skill, and me,  
into the second place;

Attour now, you four now,  
shal come into a band,

proceeding, and leading,  
each other by the hand.

113. As Reason ordained all obey'd,  
None was ev'r rash, nor none afraid;  
our counsel was so wise;  
As of our journey *Wit* did nore,  
We found it true in every jor,  
God blesse our enterprife,  
For even as we came to the Tree,  
which as ye heard me tell,  
Could not be clumb there suddenly,  
the fruit for ripnesse fell:  
Which tasting, and hasting,  
I found my self reliev'd  
Of cares all, and faires all,  
Which mind and body griev'd.

114. Praise be to God my Lord, therefore;  
Who did mine health to me restore,  
bring so long time pyn'd:  
Yea blessed be his holy Name;  
Who did from death to life reclaim;  
me who was so unkind,  
All Nations also magnific,  
this ever-living Lord:  
Let me with you, and you with me,  
to laud him ay accord:  
Whose love ay, we prove ay,  
to us above all things;  
And kisse him, and blesse him,  
whose glory eternall reigns.

C. Alex.

Cap. Alexander Montgomery  
His LAMENTATION.

Have sinned, O Father, be merciful to me;  
I am not worthy to be call'd thy child;  
That stubbornly so long have gone astray,  
Not as thy Son, but as a Prodigal wild;  
My filly soul with sin is so defil'd,  
That Satan thinks to catch it as a prey:  
And grant me grace that he may be beguil'd  
*Peccavi, Pater, miserere mei.*

I am abas'd, how dare I be so bold  
Before thy holy presence to appear?  
To hazard once the Heav'n's for to behold;  
I am not worthy that the earth should bear,  
And damn me not, whom thou hast bought so  
*Salvum me fac, dulcis Fili Dei:* (dear  
Saviour of Luke this lesson we do learn,  
*Peccavi, Pater miserere mei.*

Thou, O Lord, with rigor wouldst revenge;  
But flesh before thee faultless shall be found;  
Who is he his conscience can him cleanse,  
Sin and Satan from his birth's not bound;  
Of meer grace thou took'st away the ground;  
Thou sent thy Son our penalty to pay,  
Save us from that hideous hell's hound:  
*Peccavi, Pater, miserere mei.*

I hope for mercy, although my sins be huge;  
But my guilt, and groan to thee for grace:  
Though I would fly, where should I find refuge?  
Heaven, O Lord, there is thy dwelling place,  
Earth thy foot-stool: and to the hell's alas!  
We go the dead; for all must thee obey:  
Before I cry, while I have time and space,  
*Peccavi, Pater, miserere mei.*

O gracious God, my guiltiness forgive;  
And death since thou dost not delight,

But rather would they should convert and  
As do witness the Prophets in holy write :  
I pray thee, Lord, thy promise to perfit  
In me, that I may with the Psalmist say,  
I will thy praise and wondrous works indite  
Therefore, dear Father be merciful to me.

Though I do slide, let me not sleep in sleaze  
Me to revive from sin, let grace begin :  
Make, Lord, my tongue the trumpet of thy tro  
And lend my Verle such wings as are divine  
Since thou hast granted me so good ingine,  
To praise thy Name with gallant stile & pen  
Let me no more so trim a talent tie :

*Peccavi, Pater, misereere mei.*

My spirit to speak, let thy Spirit Lord, inspire  
Help, Holy Ghost, and be mine heavenly M  
Flie down on me with forked tongues of fire  
As on th'Apostles, with thy fear me inspire  
All vice expel, teach me sin to refuse,  
And all my filthy affections, I thee pray,  
Thy fervent love on me poure night and day

*Peccavi, Pater, misereere mei*

**S**coup stubborn stomack that hast been  
Scoup filthy flesh & carion made of clay; (O  
Scoup, hardned heart, before thy Lord, and lo  
Scout, scoup in time, defer not day by day;  
Thou wots not when y thou must passe aw  
To the great glorie where thou must be for  
Confesse thy sins, and think no shame to sh  
*Peccavi, Pater, misereere mei.*

O Great JEHOVAH, to thee all glorie be gi  
Who shoop my soul to thy similitude: (he  
And to thy Son whom thou sent down  
When I was lost, he bought me with his blo  
And to the Holy Ghost, my guider good,  
Who must confirm my faith in the right wo  
In me cor mundum cyto, I conclude,  
O heavey Father, be merciful to me.

The SOLSEQUIVM. 6

Like as the dum Solsequium, in care overcome  
Doth sorrow when the Sun goes out of sight  
Hangs down her head, and droups as dead,  
and will not spread,

but lurks her leaves through langor all the night,  
till foolish *Phaeton* arise with whip in hand,  
to clear the chryſtal Skies, & light the land,  
Birds in their Bowre, wait on that hour,  
and to their King a glad goodmorrow gives;  
from thence that flower likes not to lowre,  
but laugh on *Phœbus* opening out her leaves;  
so stands't with me, except I be, where I may see  
my lamp of light, my Lady, and my love;  
when she departs, ten thousand darts, in  
sundry aires,

thirle through my heavy heart, but rest or roove  
my countenance declares myne inward grief,  
and Hope almost despairs to find relief;  
die, I dwine, play doth me pine,  
loath on every thing I look, alace,  
while *Titan* mine, upon me shine,  
but I revive through favour of her grace.

Fra she appear, into her sphere, begins to clear  
the dawning of my long desired day;  
then *Courage* cryes, on *Hope* so rise, fra she espiet  
the noisome night of absence went away;  
howe can me awake, nor yet impeth,  
on thy ſtately ſtalk I flourish fresh;  
spring, I sprout, my leaves break out,  
my colour changes in an hartſome hew;  
no more I leure, but stand up ſtout,  
glad of her on whom I only grow.

O happy day, go not away, *apollo* ſay,  
thy Cart from going down into the VVeſt;  
me thou make thy Zodiack, that I may take  
my pleasure to behold whom I love beſt;

Her

Thy patience me restores from life to death;  
Thy patience also shoves to cut my breath;  
I wish in vain, thee to remain,  
Since *Primum Mobile* doth say me nay;  
At least thy Wain, haste so again.  
Farewel with patience perforce till day,

P S A L. 36.

*Declina à malo, & fac bonum.*

**L** Eave sin ere sin leave thee, do good,  
and both without delay;  
Lesse fit he will to morrow be,  
who is not fit to day;

*Non tardas converti ad Deum.*

**B**

*His Morning Muse.*

**L** Et dread of pain for sin in after time,  
Let shame to see thy self ensnared so,  
Let grief conceiv'd for soul accurd crime,  
Let hate of sin the worker of thy wo, (for  
With dread, with shame, with grief, with hate  
To dew thy cheeks with tears of deep remorse  
So hate of sin shall make Gods love to grow  
So grief shall harbour hope within thine heart  
So dread shall cause the flood of joy to flow,  
So shame shall send sweet solace to thy smart;  
So love, so hope, so joy, so solace sweet,  
Shall make thy soul in Heavenly bliss to feed  
Wo where none hate doth no such love allow  
Wo where such grief makes no such hope proceed,  
Wo where such dread doth not such joy procure  
Wo where such shame doth not such solace breed  
Wo where no hat, no grief, no dread, no shame  
No love, no hope, no joy, no solace frame,

F I N I S



